# THE LILY.

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### THE PILGRIM MOTHER.

BY J. W. GLIDDEN.

Proudly we speak of our pilgrim sires,
And their deeds are told in song,
But no voice is raised, in the Mother's praise,
As though it were something wrong.
They too did leave the homes of their youth,
Those scenes to behold no more,
And braved the wrath, of the ocean path,
To the far New England shore.

And there amid the gloomy wilds,
Were their rude dwellings reared—
Near by in the forest dark and deep,
The red man's home appeared.
The hearts of the sires were brave and strong,
And they toiled where danger threw
Its darkening shade, o'er the forest glade,
In many a sombre hue.

But the mothers were not less brave of heart;
They watched by the hearth of home,
To guard the treasures of their love,
Lest evil upon them come.
And oft did they hear the savage cry,
Burst wild on the midnight air;
They mourned in vain, for loved ones slain,
For the weapons of death were there.

But heaven alone could their homes defend,
From the wrath of the ruthless foe;
The God of power, in their trial hour,
Alone their woes might know.
But time passed on—and New England's sons,
Grew hardy, strong and brave,
And peace her banner fair at length,
O'er the glorious land did wave.

Among the names, on the list of fame,
That should ever be revered,
The noble wives of the pilgrim band,
Are the first that should be heard.
In vain had our fathers crossed the deep,
Had not the same ship bore
The Mother's true o'er the ocean too,
To the wild New England shore.

[Pittsburgh Saturday Visiter.

DEKALB CENTRE, Ills.

### THE TEA ROSE.

BY MRS. H. E. BEECHER HOWE.

#### PART I.

There it stood in its little green vase, on a light ebony stand, in the window of the drawing-room. The rich satin curtains, with their costly fringes, swept down on either side of it, and around it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle which wealth can offer to luxury, and yet that simple rose was the fairest of them all. So pure it looked—its white leaves just touched with that delicious creamy tint, peculiar to its kind, its cup so full, so perfect, its head bending as if it were sinking and melting away in its own riches—oh, when did man ever make any thing like the living perfect flower!

But the sunlight which streamed through the window revealed something fairer than the rose. Reclining on an ottoman, in a deep recess, and intently engaged with a book, lay what seemed the living counterpart of that so lovely flower.—The cheek so pale, so spiritual, the face so full of high thought, the fair forehead, the long down-cast lashes, and the expression of the beautiful, mouth, so sorrowful, yet so subdued and sweet—it seemed like the picture of a dream.

"Florence!—Florence!" echoed a merry and musical voice, in a sweet impatient tone. Turn your head, reader, and you will see a dark and sparkling maiden, the very model of some little wilful elf, born of mischief and motion, with a dancing eye, a foot that scarcely seemed to touch the carpet, and a smile so multiplied by dimples, that it seemed like a thousand smiles at once. "Come Florence, I say," said the little fairy, "put down that wise, good, excellent volume, and talk with a poor little mortal—come, descend from your cloud, my dear."

The fair apparition thus adjured, obeyed, and looking up, revealed just the eyes you expected to see beneath such lids; eyes deep, pathetic and rich, as a strain of sad music.

"I say," said the 'darke ladye,' "I've been thinking what you are to do with your pet rose when you go to New York—as to our great consternation you are going to do—you know it would be a sad pity to leave it with such a scatter-brain as I am. I do love flowers, that's a fact; that is, I like a regular bouquet cut off and tied up to carry to a party; but as to all this tending and fussing that is necessary to keep them growing, I've no gifts in that line."

"Make yourself quite easy as to that, Kate," said Florence, with a smile, "I've no intention of calling upon your talents; I have an asylum for my favorite."

"Oh, then you know just what I was going to say; Mrs. Marshall, I presume has been speaking to you; she was here yesterday, and I was very pathetic upon the subject, telling her the loss your favorite would sustain, and so forth, and she said how delighted she would be to have it in her green-house, it is in such a fine state now, so full of buds. I told her I knew you would like it, of all things, to give it to her; you were always so fond of Mrs. Marshall, you know."

"Nay, Kate, I'm sorry, but I have otherwise engaged it."

"Who can it be to? You have so few intimates here."

"Oh, one of my old fancies."

"But do tell me, Florence."

"Well, cousin, you know the little pale girl to whom we give sewing."

"What, little Mary Stephens? How absurd! This is just of a piece, Florence, with your other motherly, old-maidish ways—dressing dolls for poor children, making caps, and knitting socks for all the dirty little babies in the region round about. I do believe that you have made more calls in those two vile, ill-smelling alleys back of our house, than ever you have in Chesnut street, though you know every body has been half dying to see you; and now, to crown all, you must give this slight little bijou to a seamstress girl, when one of your most intimate friends, in your own class, would value it so highly. What in the world can people in their circumstances want with flowers?"

"Just the same that I do," replied Florence, calmly. "Have you ever noticed that the little girl never comes here without looking wistfully at the open buds? and dont you remember the morning when she asked me if I would let her mother come and see it, she was so fond of flowers?"

"But, Florence, only think of this rare flower standing on a table with ham, eggs, cheese and flour, and stifled in the close little room where Mrs. Stephens and her daughter manage to wash, iron, cook, and nobody knows what beside."

"Well, Kate, and if I were obliged to live in one coarse room, and wash, iron and cook as you say—If I had to spend every moment of my time in hard toil, with no prospect from my window but a brick sidewalk, on a dirty lane, such a flower as this would be untold happiness to me."

"Pshaw, Florence—all sentiment; poor people have no time to be sentimental; besides I don't think it will grow with them—it is a green house flower and used to delicate living."

"Oh, as to that, a flower never inquires whether its owner be rich or poor; and Mrs. Stephens, whatever else she has not, has sunshine of as good a quality as that that streams through our window. The beautiful things that God makes are the gift of all alike. You will see that my little rose will be as well and merry in Mrs. Stephens' room as in ours."

"Well, after all, how odd! When one gives to poor people one wants to give them something useful—a bushel of potatoes or a ham for example."

"Why, certainly, potatoes and ham must be had; but having ministered to the first and most craving wants, why not add any little pleasures of gratifications that we may have it in our power to give. I know that there are many of the poor who have fine feelings and a keen sense of the beautiful, which rusts and dies because they are to hard pressed to procure it one gratification. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for example; I know she would enjoy birds, and flowers, and music as much as I do. I have seen her eye kindle as she has looked on these things in our drawing room, and yet not one beautiful thing can she command. From necessity, her room, her clothing, all that she has, must be coarse and plain. You should have seen the almost rapture that she and Mary

felt when I offered them my rose."

"Dear me, all this may be true, but I never thought of it before, I never thought that these hard-working people had any idea of *taste!*"

"Then why do you see so often the geranium or rose carefully nursed in an old cracked teapot in the poorest room, or the morning glories planted in a box, and made to twine around the window. Do not all these show how every human heart yearns after the beautiful? You remember how Mary our washerwoman sat up a whole night after a hard day's work that she might make her first baby a pretty little dress to be baptised in."

"Yes, I remember, and how I laughed at you for making such a tasty little cap for it."

Well, Katy, I think that the look of perfect delight and satisfaction with which the poor girl regarded her baby in its new dress and cap, was something quite worth creating: I do believe she could not have thanked me more, if I had sent her a barrel of flour."

"Well, I never thought of giving to the poor anything but what they really needed, and I have always been willing to do that when I could without going far out of my way."

"Well, cousin if our Heavenly Father gave to us as we often give, we should have only coarse; shapeless piles of provisions, lying about the world, instead of all the beautiful variety of trees fruits and flowers which now delights us."

"Well, well, cousin, I suppose you are right, but pray have mercy upon my poor head; it is too small to hold so many new ideas at once, even go on your own way; and the little lady began practising a waltzing step before the glass with great satisfaction.

## PART II.

It was a very small room, and lighted by only one window. There was no carpet on the floor; there was a clean but coarsely covered bed in one corner; a cupboard with a few plates and dishes in the other; a chest of drawers; and before the window stood a small cherry stand, quite new, and indeed the only article in the room that seemed so. A pale, sickly-looking woman of about forty, was leaning back in her rocking chair, her eyes closed and her lips compressed as if in pain. She rocked backward and forward a few moments, pressed her hand hard upon her eyes, and then languidly resumed the fine stitching on which she had been busy since morning. The door opened, and a slender little girl of about twelve years of age entered, her large blue eyes dilated, and absolutely radiant with delight. as she held up the small vase with the rose tree in it.

"Oh, see! mother see! there's one in full bloom, and two more half out, beautiful buds!"

The poor woman's face brightened, as she looked first on the rose, and then on her sickly girl, on whose face she had not seen so bright a color for months.

"God bless her!" said she involuntarily.

"Miss Florence! I knew you would feel so, mother. Dont it make your headache better to see this flower? Now you won't look so wishful at the gardeners' stands in the market, will you? We have a rose handsomer than any of theirs. Why it seems to me, that it is worth as much to us as our whole little garden used to be. See how many more buds there are on it, just count, and only smell the flower! Where shall we put it?" and Mary skipped about the room, placing her treasure first in one position and then in another, and walking off to see the effect, till her mother gently reminded her that the rose tree could not preserve its beauty without sunlight.

"Oh yes, truly! said Mary; well, then, it must stand here on this new stand. How glad I am that we have such a handsome new stand for it, it will look so much better." And Mrs. Stephens laid down her work and folded a piece of newspaper on which the treasure was carefully deposited.

"There," said Mary, watching the arrangement eagerly, "that will do; now, though, it does not show both the buds—turn it farther round—a little more—there it's right;" and Mary walked round the room to view the rose in various positions, after which she insisted that her mother should go round with her to the outside to see how it looked there. "How kind it was in Miss Florence to think of giving this to us," said Mary; "though she has done so much for us, and given us so many things, yet this present seems the best of all, because it seemed as if she thought of us, and knew just how we felt, and so few do that."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Stephens, sighing.

What a bright afternoon that small gift made in that little room. How much faster Mary's tongue and fingers flew the livelong day, and Mrs. Stephens, in the happiness of her child, almost forgot that she had a headache, and thought as she sipped her evening cup of tea, that she felt stronger than she had done for sometime.

That rose! its sweet influence died not with the first day. Through all the long cold winter that followed, the watching, tending, and cherishing that flower, awakened a thousand pleasant trains of thought that beguiled the sameness and weariness of their life. Every day the fair growing thing put forth some fresh beauty; a bud—a leaf—or a new shoot, constantly excited fresh delight in its possessors.

As it stood in the window, the passer by would sometimes stop and gaze, attracted by its beauty, and then how proud and happy was Mary, nor did even the serious and care-worn widow notice with indifference when she saw the eye of a chance visitor rest admiringly on their favorite.

But little did Florence know when she gave that gift, that there was twined around it an invisible thread, that reached far and brightly into the web of her destiny.

One cold afternoon in early spring, a tall, graceful young man called at the lowly room to receive and pay for some linen which the widow had been making up. He was a wayfarer and stranger in the place, recommended through the charity of some of Mrs. Stephens patrons.—His eye, as he was going out, rested admiringly upon the rose; he stopped and looked earnestly at it.

"It was given to us," said the little Mary, quickly, "by a young lady as sweet and beautiful as that is."

"Ah!" said the stranger, turning and fixing upon her a pair of very bright eyes, pleased and rather struck with the simplicity of the communication, "and how came she to give it to you, my little girl?"

"Oh, because we are poor and mother is sick, and we can never have any thing pretty. We used to have a garden once, and we loved flowers so much, and Miss Florence found all this out, and so she gave us this."

"Florence!" echoed the stranger.

"Yes, Miss Florence l'Estrange, a beautiful young lady,—they say she was from foreign parts, though she speaks English just like any other lady, only sweeter."

"Is she here now, is she in this city?" said the gentleman eagerly.

"No, she left some months ago," said the widow; but noticing the sudden shade of disappointment on his face, she added, "but you can find out all about her by inquiring at her aunt, Mrs Carlisle's, No. 10——street.

As the result of this, Florence received from the office in the next mail, a letter, in a handwriting that made her tremble. During the many early years of her life spent in France, she had well learned that writing; had loved as a woman like her loves, only once; but there had been obstacles of parents and friends, separation and long suspense, till at length, for many bitter years, she had believed that the relentless sea had closed forever over that hand and heart; and it was this belief that had touched, with such sweet calm sorrow, every line in her lovely face. But this letter told her that he was [illegible] he had traced her even as a hidden [illegible] may be traced, by the freshness, the [illegible] of heart, which her deeds of kindness [illegible] wherever she had passed.

And thus much said, do our fair readers [illegible] any help in finishing this story for themselves? Of course not.

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A Lady in Court.—We never saw but one lady arguing a case in our courts. It was Mrs. Gaines, who in 1842, appeared in the First District Court, (Judge Buchanan,) accompanied by her gallant husband, in undress uniform, with sword buckled to his side. It happened that Mrs. G.'s lawyers, becoming dissatisfied with some decision of the Court, retired from the case, whereupon the dignified veteran advanced towards the lawyers' table, leading his lady by the hand, and begged that the Court would allow the lady to plead her own cause. The scene was quite an interesting one. There stood on one side an array of our oldest and most learned counsellors, who were resisting the lady's pretensions with all their skill and ability, with a large lot of law-books lying before them. On the other side stood the bright-eyed, handsome little lady, and the erect and war-worn veteran, her gallant husband. The claim of the lady to be heard in her own case could not be denied. She proceeded in her remarks, but soon became so piquant and personal that the Judge interfered and begged her to confine herself to the argument. Thereupon the gallant General arose, and in a slow and measured style, stated that for everything that the lady should say he held himself personally responsible in every manner and form, in court and out of court. This allusion pretty soon quieted the sniggling of some young attorneys who were present, and who appeared mightily tickled with the scene. Mrs. Gaines was permitted to go on and argue her case to a conclusion. This is the only case of a lady ever appearing as counsel in our courts. We wonder that it should be the only case. [N. O. Delta.

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## A LADY LAWYER.

Who, after the following, which we cut from the London Athenæum, will doubt the naturalness of Portia's character, or the wisdom of Shakspeare in making his most learned and eloquent doctor of laws a lady!

The advocates of the rights of woman and upholders of equality between the sexes have had a new argument furnished curiously in favor of their theories by a French lady, Madame Grange, who pleaded last week for her sister and herself in an intricate case before the Tribunal de la de Chambre in Paris, against M. Delangle, one of the cleverest practitioners at the French bar. The case was one of figures and account—bristling with legal difficulties—a perfect porcupine point of law!—all of which the lady (after untying her bonnet and depositing carefully her parasol) handled with dexterity and evident familiarity, arguing with unaffected ease and technical language for the space of three hours. She then summed up her case with remarkable clearness and concision, to the admiration of the whole—and perhaps the secret annoyance of a part—of the legal public present. M. Delangle required all his acuteness and knowledge of the law to parry the attacks of his femenine adversary,—whom he more than once designated in his rejoinder, as his 'learned brother.' Judgement was not given—but it is said that the 'self-protected female is likely to gain her suit.'

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A poor man in Illinois was lately sentenced to be sold at auction, for being a vagrant.

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Election Days.—Semi-annual excitements for the encouragement of drunkenness. Whether beer or brains causes a man to be elected to the office of governor, is still a matter of doubt.

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Self reliance is the great secret of success. A man never knows of what coin he is, until driven back on his own resources.

## AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

The other day, in conversation with Miss Dix, the philanthropist, during her visit to Greenville, S. C., a lady said to her: "Are you not afraid to travel all over the country alone, and have you not encountered dangers and been in perilous situations?" "I am naturally timid," said Miss Dix, "and diffident like all my sex; but in order to carry out my purposes, I know it necessary to make sacrifices and encounter dangers. It is true I have been, in my travels through the different States, in perilous situations. I will mention one which occurred in the State of Michigan. I had hired a carriage and driver to convey me some distance through an uninhabited portion of the country. In starting, I discovered that the driver, a young lad, had a pair of pistols with him. Enquiring what he was doing with arms, he said he carried them to protect us, as he had heard that robberies had been committed on our road. I said to him, give me the pistols, I will take care of them. He did so reluctantly. In pursuing our journey through a dismal looking forest, a man rushed into the road, caught the horses by the bridle, and demanded my purse. I said to him with as much self-possession as I could command, "Are you not ashamed to rob a woman? I have but little money, and that I want to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poor-houses, and occasionally in giving to objects of charity. If you have been unfortunate, are in distress, and in want of money, I will give you some." Whilst thus speaking to him, I discovered his countenance changing and he became deathly pale. "My God," he exclaimed, "that voice!" and immediately told me that he had been in the Philadelphia Penitentiary, and had heard me lecturing some of the prisoners in an adjoining cell, and that he now recognized my voice. He then desired me to pass on and expressed deep sorrow at the outrage he had committed. But I drew out my purse, and said to him, "I will give you something to support you until you can get into honest employment."—He declined, at first, taking anything, until I insisted on his doing so, for fear he might be tempted to rob some one else before he could get into honest employment."

—Had not Miss Dix taken possession of the pistols, in all probability they would have been used by her driver, and perhaps both of them been murdered. "*That voice*" was more powerful in subduing the heart of a *robber* than the sight of a brace of pistols.

[Greenville (S. C.) Patriot.

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THE GIRLS IN THE FIELD.—Fountain Hall, New York, was the scene of a large meeting of the young ladies, connected with the Straw and Pamela trade, on Wednesday evening last.—Miss C. STOPFORD was in the Chair, and Miss ROBERTS officiated as Secretary. Several ladies addressed the meeting—also several gentlemen who were friendly to the cause. It will be seen by the following resolutions, which were unanimously passed, that this class of our working women mean to go to work in earnest:

*Resolved*, That this Association hire suitable apartments and go into business on the Co-operative principle on the 1st day of October next.

*Resolved*, That all persons employed in the Straw and Pamela trade can become members till the 1st of October next, by paying a 25 cent fee and 12½ cents monthly dues; and that on and after that date the fee will be $3, dues 12½.

*Resolved*, That the Editors of the papers friendly to Labor Reform be requested to publish these resolutions:

CATHARIEE STOPFORD,
ELIZABETH GORDON,
ANN MARIA ROBERTS,
} Com.

[Sunday Mercury.

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To discover how many idle men there are in a place; all that's necessary is to set two dogs a fighting.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

OSWEGO, May 8th, 1851.

MY DEAR MRS. BLOOMER,—It is a very long time since I have talked with you and your readers, through the columns of your paper. For all these months, like Martha, I have been "careful and troubled about many things," and have been afraid to write, even to my dearest friends, lest some of the bitter waters in my heart should overflow upon the page. But I have not ceased to watch with interest the monthly expansion of your Lily's snowy petals, or to breathe with delight the sweet odors of truth and benevolence they exhale. Am I sufficiently a friend to be allowed to glory in your consistency? I *do* at any rate, and I honor you as one who is not to be deterred by sneers from practising as you preach. I feared that while you advocated through the columns of The Lily a change in dress, you would be the last to adopt it. But it seems I did not know, or appreciate the true independance and consistency of your character. And now I wish you much joy of the change. How comfortable you must feel without a palisade of whalebones encircling your chest, as if to assist in holding up and together the framework of divine formotion. By the bye, what a fall there will be in the price of whalebones, and hooks and eyes, when all the sex have followed your example. I fancy the money that, in the present state of things, is expended for those articles will furnish us many a nice pair of French gaiters to show off our pretty feet, beneath the graceful fall of the Turkish trowsers; for house wear, of course, for I as much as any one would advocate thick boots for the long delightful rambles we shall then really *enjoy*, with no fear of spoiled dresses, no short breathings, coming from our poor compressed and tortured lungs. Oh! may the day be hastened when woman shall enjoy the right to be comfortable in dress—when whalebone bodices, and long, heavy, wadded skirts forever laid aside, her motions may be as light and graceful as her garments are easy and unconstrained. When, through a complete knowledge of the laws which govern her physical structure, she may adapt its treatment to its wants, and thus be enabled to enjoy that existence which she now, too often, but endures.

I notice the holding of a Women's Rights Convention at Akron, Ohio, and I am glad our sisters are on the alert. These frequent conventions cannot fail to be of some service: they call forth the reliable talent and energy of the sex, if they do no more.

The more I see, and think, and feel, of Woman's necessities and wrongs, the more I desire to see them righted. The more I see how beautifully, how benevolently, her, talents develop themselves when once directed toward the alleviation of those wrongs, the more completely I recognize her capabilities, and the more ardently long for their full expansion.

Yours, truly, MARY C. VAUGHAN.

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## SEWING.

DEAR LILY,—Some of your readers, I hear, were quite distressed at my want of humanity in recommending my lady friends to put out their sewing, after declaring it a most worthless and unhealthy employment. But they did not understand me. I merely wished to antidote the general *idea* that sewing is much more respectable than house-work. To me, any kind of labor is more respectable than laziness; sewing, even, is preferable to elegant loaferism. But what I said, I resay: sewing is a dead loss to the one who does it. As an amusement it is contemptible; as an educator of head or heart, worthless; as a developer of musele, of no avail; as a support, the most miserable of all trades. It is a continued drain on sight and strength, on health and life, and it should be the study of every woman to do as little of it as possible. But say you, sewing must be done. Grant it; but nine tenths of all that is done, is wholly unnecessary. What use in all the flummering, puffing, and mysterious folding we see in ladies' dresses? What use in embroidered chairs, table covers, pocket handkerchiefs and collars? What use in ruffles round pillow cases, night caps, and children clothes?—What use in making shirts for our lords in the wonderful manner we now do, with all those tiny plaits, and rows of stitching down before, and round the collars and wristbands? Why, all these things are done, to make the men, children, women, chairs, sofas and tables look pretty. Why, my dear friends, believe me, if the women for the last fifty years, had spent all the time they have wasted in furbelowing their rags, in riding, walking, or playing on the lawn with their children, the whole race would look ten times as well as they now do! Dress, tastefully selected and arranged, will set off beauty, but the ground work of all beauty is *health*. I will venture to say, dear Lily, that there is not a baby in the town sweeter, or prettier than *my* baby, and he has no ruffles or embroidery, no coral or gold clasps about him.

But who shall do the sewing? Why the men and women, to be sure! Let every body do his own, as a general thing, and for those whose time can be more profitably employed, nature seems to have provided a class of beings exactly fitted for this department of industry. There is in every community a class of men, actually suffering for employment. Those who discuss all theological, political, and social questions threadbare; who rush to the depot to see the cars come in and go out; and to the locks, to see the packets pass through; who herald all the births, deaths, and marriages; who can be seen, sometimes sitting on a box at the corner of some street, whittling a stick, or with hands in their pockets vacantly gazing into the heavens, speculating per chance as to the employments of the next sphere, and wondering if they will be compelled to take an active part. Now would not a little sewing, to these men be a positive blessing? But to enable this class of minds to fulfil their destiny, we must see that boys are early taught to sew. Seriously, I see no reason why boys should be left to roam the streets, day and night, wholly unemployed, a nuisance to every body, and a curse to themselves, whilst their sisters are over-taxed at home to make and mend their clothes. It will be a glorious day for the emancipation of those of our sex who have long been slaves to the needle, when the men and boys make their own clothes, and women make theirs in the plainest possible manner. E. C. S.

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——— The physical education of females, as well as males, should serve to develope and invigorate the system. And how is this to be done, if the little Miss must be confined to in-door amusements, and allowed only such exercise as can be taken while compressed in whalebones and wadding? There is very little if any difference between the bust of a male and female infant; and the great difference in the proportions of the bust of the male and female adult, is a reflection upon the workmanship of the Almighty, to say the least of it. Who ever heard of a lively, active *boy* suffering or looking ungraceful for want of body braces, or artificial support? And is not a *girl* born with the same number of bones and muscles? Woman, in whatever sphere she is destined to move, will need through life "all the energy, and strength, and endurance of which her system shall be capable," and in the name of common sense and humanity—let her have it! E.

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THE NEW LADIES' DRESS.—A number of the ladies of this village, have already made their appearance (after night-fall) in the Turkish dress much to the surprise of some and the admiration of others. We believe the opinion of its propaity and convenience is quite favarable, though there is a prevailing unwillingness to lead off in making the costume habitual. But this over-strained delicacy will unquestionably wear off in a short time. [Havana (N. Y.) Journal.

## LETTER TO THE WOMEN'S CONVENTION, HELD AT AKRON, OHIO, MAY 28, 1851.

DEAR FRIENDS:—It would give me great pleasure to accept your invitation to attend the Convention, but as circumstances forbid my being present with you, allow me in addressing you by letter, to touch on those points of this great question, which have, of late, much occupied my thoughts. It is often said to us, tauntingly, "well, you have held conventions, you have speechified and resolved, protested and appealed, declared and petitioned, and now, what next? why do you not do something?" I have as often heard the reply, "we know not what to do."

Having for some years rehearsed to the unjust judge our grievances, our legal and political disabilities and social wrongs, let us glance at what we *may do*—at the various rights of which we may, even now, quietly take possession. True, our right to vote we cannot exercise until our State Constitutions are remodeled; but we can petition our legislators every session, and plead our cause before them. We can make a manifestation by going to the polls, at each returning election, bearing banners, with inscriptions thereon of great sentiments handed down to us by our revolutionary fathers; such as "no taxation without representation," "no just government can be formed without the consent of the governed," &c. We can refuse to pay all taxes, and like the English dissenters suffer our goods to be seized and sold, if need be. Such manifestations would appeal to a class of minds that now take no note of our conventions or their proceedings; who never dream, even, that woman thinks herself defrauded of a single right. The trades and professions are all open to us; let us quietly enter and make ourselves, if not rich and famous, at least independent and respectable. Many of them are quite proper to woman, and some peculiarly so. As merchants, postmasters and silversmiths, teachers, preachers and physicians, woman has already proved herself fully competent. Who so well fitted to fill the pulpits of our day as woman? All admit her superior to man in the affections, high moral sentiments, and religious enthusiasm; and so long as our popular theology and reason are at loggerheads, we have no need of acute metaphysicians, or skillful logicians in our pulpits. We want those who can make the most effective appeals to our imaginations, our hopes and fears.

Again, as Physicians. How desirable are educated women in this profession! Give her knowledge commensurate with her natural qualifications, and there is no position woman could assume that would be so pre-eminently useful to her race at large, and her own sex in particular, as that of ministering angel to the sick and afflicted; an angel—not capable of sympathy merely, but armed with power to relieve suffering, and prevent disease. The science of *Obsteterics* is a branch of the profession which should be monopolized by woman. The fact that it is now almost wholly in the hands of the male practitioner, is an outrage on common decency, that nothing but the tyrant CUSTOM can excuse. "From the earliest history down to 1563 it was practised by women. The distinguished individual first to make the innovation on this ancient, time-sanctified custom, was no less a personage than a court prostitute, the Duchess of Villiers, a favorite mistress of Louis 14th of France."—This is a formidable evil. and productive of much immorality, misery and crime. But now that some colleges are open to woman, and the "Female Medical College of Pennsylvania" has been established for our sex exclusively, I hope this custom may be abolished as speedily as possible, for no excuse can be found for its continuance in the want of knowledge and skill in our own sex. It seems to me, the existence of this custom argues a much greater want of delicacy and refinement in woman, than would the practice of the profession by her, in all its various branches.

But the great work before us is the education of those just coming on the stage of action. Begin with the girls of *to-day*, and in twenty years we can revolutionize this nation. The childhood of woman must be free and untrameled. The girl must be allowed to romp and play, climb, skate, and swim; her clothing must be more like that of the boy—strong, loose fitting garments, thick boots, &c., that she may be out at all times, and enter freely into all kinds of sports. Teach her to go alone, by night and day, if need be, on the lonely highway, or through the busy streets of the crowded metropolis. The manner in which all courage and self reliance is educated *out* of the girl—her path portrayed with dangers and difficulties that never exist, is melancholy indeed. Better, far, suffer occasional insults, or die outright, than live the life of a *coward*, or never move without a protector. The best protector that any woman can have, one that will serve her at all times and in all places, is *courage*; this she must get by her own experience; and experience comes by exposure. Let the girl be thoroughly developed in body and soul—not modeled, like a piece of clay, after some artificial specimen of humanity, with a body like some plate in Godey's book of fashion, and a mind after the type of Father Gregory's pattern daughters, loaded down with the traditions, proprieties and sentimentalities of generations of silly mothers and grandmothers—but left free to be, to grow, to feel, to think, to act. Developement is one thing, that system of cramping, restraining, torturing, perverting and mystifying called education, is quite another. We have had women enough befooled under the one system, pray let us try the other. The girl must early be impressed with the idea that she is to be "a hand, not a mouth;" a worker and not a drone, in the great hive of human activity. Like the boy, she must be taught to look forward to a life of self-dependance, and early prepare herself for some trade or profession. Woman has relied heretofore too entirely for her support on the *needle*—that one-eyed demon of destruction, that slays its thousands annually—that evil genius of our sex, which, in spite of all our devotion, will never make us healthy, wealthy or wise.

Teach the girl it is no part of her life, to cater to the prejudices of those around her. Make her independent of public sentiment, by showing her how worthless and rotten a thing it is. It is a settled axiom with me, after much examination and reflection, that public sentiment is false on every subject. Yet what a tyrant it is over us all; woman especially, whose very life is to please, whose highest ambition is to be approved. But once outrage this tyrant, place yourself beyond his jurisdiction, taste the joy of free thought and action, and how powerless is his rule over you! his sceptre lies broken at your feet, his very babblings of condemnation, are sweet music in your ears; his darkening frown is sunshine to your heart, for they tell of your triumph and his discomfit. Think you, women *thus* educated would long remain the weak, dependant beings we now find them? By no means. Depend upon it, they would soon settle for themselves this whole question of Woman's Rights. As educated capitalists, and skillful laborers, they would not be long in finding their true level, in political and social life.

E. C. STANTON.

Seneca Falls, May, 1851.

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LACE SCARF.—A lady residing at Strabane has sent to the Exhibition a knitted lace scarf, containing twelve and a quarter miles of thread, and three millions four hundred and seventy-five thousand stitches. It is nine feet ten inches in length, and three feet wide, and is only five and three-quarter ounces in weight.

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☞ The Carson League in Syracuse has accumulated to $700,000. Mr. Carson is there working manfully.

CHARACTER—The only personal property which every body looks after for you.

## COURAGE OF WOMAN.

There is a branch of general education which is not thought at all necessary for women—[illegible] gards which, indeed, it is well if they are not brought up to cultivate the opposite. Women are not taught to be courageous. Indeed, to some persons courage may seem as unnecessary for woman as Latin and Greek. Yet there are few things that would tend to make women happier in themselves, and more acceptable to others with whom they live, than courage. So far from courage being unfeminine, there is a peculiar grace and dignity in those beings, who have little active powers of attack or defence, passing through danger with a moral courage which is equal to that of the strongest. We see this in great things. We perfectly appreciate the sweet and noble dignity of an Anne Boylen, a Mary, Queen of Scots, or a Marie Antoinette. We see that it is grand for those delicately bred, high-natured, helpless personages to meet death with silence and confidence. But there would be a singular dignity in woman's bearing small terrors with fortitude. There is no beauty in fear. It is a mean, ugly, dishevelled creature. No statue can be made of it that a woman would wish to see herself like. Women are pre-eminent in steady endurance of tiresome suffering; they need not be far behind men in becoming courageous to meet that which is sudden and sharp.—The dangers and the troubles, too, which we may venture to say they now start at unreasonably, are many of them mere creatures of imagination—such as, in their way, disturb high mettled animals, brought up to see too little, and therefore frightened at any leaf blown across the road. We may be quite sure that, without losing any of the most delicate and refined of feminine graces, woman may be taught not to give way to unreasonable fears, which should belong no more to the fragile than the robust.

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## A MODEL OF A WOMAN.

Some time since a man residing a short distance from this city "shuffled off this mortal coil," leaving a wife and three daughters apparently helpless and penniless upon the world. In this emergency the eldest daughter—about 16 years of age—what Burns calls a "bonnie, sweet and sonsie lass"—a whole arm full of health, virtue and rural beauty—resolved to make an effort for the support of her mother and sisters. A warm hearted neighbor offered her, at her own solicitation, 75 cents per cord for cutting wood, being an advance of 25 cents on the usual price for such employment—commonly considered the most laborious even for the sterner sex. Nothing daunted, however, our heroine commenced operations, and by dint of application and economy, in a short time managed to save enough from her earnings to buy her a wagon and team.—She is now daily seen selling wood in our streets, and unloading as actively as any wood carrier who drives to our city—pitching out the logs with her own fair hands. We cordially commend this lady—for such she is in reality—to such of our bachelor friends as are matrimonially inclined.—We care not in what rank of life such a woman may be found, she is a treasure. In the midst of poverty, toil and want, her virtue is unimpeachable, and she has only sought by unwonted labor to support herself and relatives by the toil of her own hands. Had not our heart another shrine which claims its homage, we know not that this moral heroine—this Joan of Arc of the affections—might not tempt us to violate Mrs. Norton's oft repeated injuction to "love not." As it is, we advise our bachelor friends to "pay attention" to our "wood," not "flower, girl."

[Memphis Enquirer.

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A young lady of 18, in Boston, walked through the streets of that city on Saturday last, dressed in a round hat, short dress—fitting tightly—and pink satin trowsers. She was accompanied by her father.

# THE LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

JUNE, 1851.


## FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE N. Y. STATE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The Fourth Annual Meeting (since its reorganization,) of the New York State Temperance Society, will be held in the city of Syracuse on Thursday, the 19th day of June, commencing at 10 o'clock A, M., and continuing that and the following day.

The present aspect of the Temperance cause, the obstacles that oppose its progress, the means necessary to ensure its triumph, and the duties of its friends in the relations which they sustain to it and to society, will demand the earnest consideration of the meeting.

All Temperance organizations within the State, are invited to send delegates; and the friends of the cause generally, whether delegated by societies or not, are urged to attend. The interests of our great enterprise demand a convention of its boldest, its most uncompromising, and most devoted friends, from every section of our Commonwealth—from the thronged thoroughfares of our great Commercial Emporium to the city of the Lakes—from the beautiful Susquehannah to the noble St. Lawrence.

All papers, religious or secular, friendly to the Temperance movement, are requested to publish this call, or in some other way give notice of the time and place of the Annual Meeting.

JOSEPH SMITH, President.
CHARLES A. WHEATON, Ch'r'n of Ex. Com.
WM. H. BURLEIGH, Corresponding Sec'y.

## NO LICENSE.

We are happy to see that very many towns in our State have refused to grant liquor licenses for the ensuing year. There is an increasing public sentiment against legalizing a business so infamous, and men shrink from incurring the responsibility of the consequences which ever attend upon, and follow the traffic. Our own village has again. we are told, washed her hands clean from the great sin of legalizing a corrupt, immoral class of men, to prey upon its citizens. We can boast of our village in this respect, for we believe but twice, in the last twelve years, has she elected a Board of Excise low and mean enough to sanction the immoral and destructive traffic in intoxicating drinks! Would that we could also boast of her efficiency in enforcing her laws! Would that we could also boast that our citizens are law abiding people! But this we cannot do, and our cheek crimsons with shame at the thought, that while public sentiment is strong against the traffic, we have not a man who has the moral courage to complain of the open violation, and bold defiance of law on the part of the traffickers! What is law? Is it to be respected, or is it not? If not, then why go to the trouble and expense of making it? If making laws, and electing men to see them enforced, is all a farce, better let it be so understood at once, and people will save themselves the trouble of creating either the laws or officers! If there is necessity for law, then it is necessary that violaters of law should be punished. If a poor man steal a few paltry dollars from his neighbor, or a loaf of bread, to keep his family from starving, the whole community is excited; the *law has been trampled upon*, and all cry out for his condemnation. But here we have a class of men who not only rob their fellow men of hundreds of dollars, but who also corrupt and degrade all whom they can lure into their vile dens, and not unfrequently sap their very life blood. We have laws saying they shall not do this thing, yet they set our laws at defiance, and boldly trample both them and public sentiment under their feet! What is the result? Instead of the indignation and punishment which are bestowed upon the poor man who stole from necessity, they not only go unwhipt of justice, but are respected and treated like honest men! "Oh! consistency, thou art a jewel!"

## WHO ARE THE LEADERS?

T. S. ARTHUR says it is worthy of remark, that the ladies who have freed themselves of long heavy skirts, and long tight waists, and substituted the comfortable short dress and trowsers, are those who claim an equality of the sexes—who believe that woman was created equal in intellect to man. *This is true*, and we are heartily glad Mr. ARTHUR has called attention to the subject. So far as we know, those who have adopted the new style are sensible intelligent women, and no such woman will for a moment admit that God created his last "most perfect work" inferior in intellect to the coarse, imperfect specimen which preceded her into the world. It is only the ignorant, illiterate, and simple minded woman who is willing to yield to man's claim of superiority, and to acknowledge herself—not his companion and equal—but a slave created solely to minister to his wants and pleasures.—It is generally known that T. S. ARTHUR denies that woman is equal with man. He believes that the being whom God gave to be his help-mate and companion, belongs to an order inferior to himself, and he lets no opportunity slip to impress this belief upon the minds of his readers. We cannot even change the fashion of our dress, but he must endeavor to create a prejudice against it—no matter how proper and becoming its style—by sneeringly saying that the "leaders" in bringing about the change are advocates for "woman's rights," and claim an equality with man! Doubtless, this remark was aimed directly at ourself, and we thank Mr. ARTHUR for having honored us so highly as to tell his readers that we claim to be an intelligent woman, and that we insist that woman possesses an intellect which only needs cultivation to make her man's *equal* if not his *superior*.

If this dress is to be the distinguishing mark between those who claim to be man's equal, and those who are willing to yield to his claim of superiority, we shall soon see a large majority of women sporting the short dress and trowsers; for there are very many who, though they may not admire this new style, would yet don it, however distasteful to themselves, rather than yield the point of equality. One thing we suppose is certain, that whoever else may adopt it, the wife of T. S. ARTHUR will not; for should she do so, it would be claiming equality with her master—a thing which he can never tolerate.

We are unable to say who was really "the leader" in introducing the improved style of dress. The first we heard of it, it was worn as an exercise dress at the "Water Cures:" the first article we saw advocating it, was an editorial in the Seneca County Courier, which article we transferred to our columns; the first person we saw wearing such a dress, was Mrs. CHARLES D. MILLER of Peterboro, daughter of GERRIT SMITH, who has worn it for the last five or six months. We learn from the Water Cure Journal that THEODOCIA GILBERT of Glen Haven has been wearing the short dress for eighteen months; and we recently received a letter from a lady in Wisconsin, in which she states that herself and others have worn them for the last nine or ten months. Though in advocating and adopting such a dress, and giving publicity to the matter through our paper, we may be called *a* leader in the movement, yet it will be seen that we are not the originator, or *the* leader of it. We wish for no more credit than belongs to us, and while we should be proud to admit that we were the leader in this great reform, justice demands that we render to others what is justly their due. We care but little whether others follow our example or not. We have become used to our new dress, and overcome all scruples against wearing it, and we can now go through the streets of our own, or any other village or city, quite as independent and unconcerned as though we had long skirts whipping about our ankles. It is only that others may enjoy the same freedom and comfort which we do, that we wish them to cast off their long skirts. We care not enough for their company to follow them, and if they will not follow us, we can go alone.

## WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

Verily, we have fallen upon strange times!—The world is being turned down side up, and things never dreamed of, are coming to pass!—And who are bringing about these strange things? Why, the *women!* The women of Seneca Falls have so far dared to outstep their sphere as to go by scores and hundreds to the political meetings recently held to discuss the constitutionality of the Canal Bill, and to pass upon the conduct of the resigning Senators! And what is more strange still, the men consented to it—and not only consented, but some even volunteered to stay at home that their wives might go! Yes, our ladies have mingled at political meetings with the "low rabble" who go to the polls, and from whom it is said our delicacy has so much to fear; and yet we have not heard that any one of them was insulted, or received any shock to her modesty from coming in contact with this "corrupt rabble." Probably the good treatment they received, was owing to the absence of the ballot box. What "become of the babies" during the meetings we are unable to say; probably they behaved very well at home, seeing mother was to be gone only three hours to hear a speech; but if she had been going to deposit a vote, and been gone half an hour, there would no doubt have been great suffering among the children.

We were glad to see the ladies turn out in such numbers to the meetings, though we were a little sorry, to crowd the men out. They are pretty well "booked up" in politics, however, and must now make way for us. We hope when our citizens see women thus asserting their right to learn something of public matters, it will spur them up to build a Town House sufficiently large to accommodate all, both men and women, with seats.

## A SECRET REVEALED.

Arthur C. Nelson, editor of the Cottage Gazette, has made a wonderful discovery of late, which he publishes to the world through his paper. By peering round into back yards and examining ladies' wearing apparel on clothes lines, he has found from "certain affairs dangling there, fashioned in the similitude of *inexpressables*" that the ladies have for a long time been "trespassing upon the kingdom of kerseymeres;" and he now publishes the great secret, that it only needs a little shortening of skirts to show that almost every woman has secretly donned the trowsers!! Shades of modesty! what will some of our sensitive ladies say to this! There must have been a great time of fainting away, and hiding of faces among his lady readers at this revelation! The saucy editor himself cries out in holy horror at the thought, and with great "seriousness and solemnity" discourses on the subject through two columns and a half of his paper. But his discoveries end not here. He accuses us of sporting *shirt collars* about our necks! and says the next thing will be "pantaloons strapped down behind, a long tailed blue, beavers of the latest cut, dress boots, Brimfields and Wellingtons." Thus accoutred, he says "we may whisk about, twirling rattans in our little fingers, lank grey hounds at our heels, and cigars between our pretty lips."—These we suppose are the qualifications for a gentleman according to his ideas; but he does not finish the picture. To make gentlemen of "now a days" we must, in addition to the rattans, grey hounds and cigars, coax our whiskers and moustaches out a few inches, learn to chew tobacco and squirt the juice about over carpets and furniture, drink whiskey toddies, and swear genteelly! Well, there is no telling what we may come to, but as God made us women, nothing less powerful than his Almighty arm can make us any thing else; and all the predictions of such shallow brained puppies as ARTHUR C. NELSON will not have a feather's weight in changing our destinies.

Although God created us women, he did not command us to wear long petticoats, or to girt our vital organs, but left it to our own good sense to choose the dress best suited to our comfort and convenience. *Ignorance* has led us, in days past, to adopt a dress which has been not only uncomfortable but highly injurious. But thanks to Him who ordereth all things, women are growing wiser in these days, and are diving into things which have long been to them as sealed books.—They are tracing out the various causes of their imbecility in body and mind, and endeavoring to apply a remedy for the ills to which they have so long been subjected. Physiology teaches us that we cannot pursue the course followed hitherto by most ladies, without sacrificing health, and enfeebling the mind. Yet we cannot adopt a wiser course without incurring the slang of such low minded men as ARTHUR C. NELSON. It is well that women are learning, in these days of women's convention, that they have an equal right with man to think and act for themselves, and are beginning to believe themselves quite as capable as he, of judging what is the most proper for them, in the matter of dress, as well as all things else.

If this NELSON really entertained the great respect for our sex which he professes, and was the "staunch stickler for our real rights," which he claims to be, he would have too much confidence in our sense of propriety to believe we could ever become the vile things which he predicts we will be. No man who really respects woman would teach her to believe, as does he, that she is formed like a piece of fine porcelain, too good for anything but to be laid upon a shelf to be looked at, and that she must not venture down from this exalted place lest she be disfigured, and bereft of her delicacy by coming in contact with humanized crockery." Alas! too many have already been taught this untrue and ridiculous lesson. Too many have for a time been laid upon the "shelf," and felt that they were formed only for ornament, and not for use; but they have generally been compelled to descend from their lofty position, and learn, when they were ill prepared for it, that life has realities, and that woman must bear her full share of them! Too many have been taught that they were created for no higher purpose than to grace the parlor and display their charms for the gratification of man; but they have learned at last that God made them an helpmate, and not a toy, and that he assigned to them equal duties, holds them equally responsible, and will at last require an equally strict account of their stewardship.

Woman is, herself, but a piece of "humanized crockery," and although she may be formed of finer material than the coarse clay which enters into man's composition, yet she is nevertheless obliged to come in contact with him, and to share through life the joys and sorrows which fall to his lot.—We ask that her faculties may be fully developed, and that she may be fitted to cope successfully with whatever dangers and difficulties may lie in her pathway, as well as to enjoy the pleasures of life, and to minister to the wants and pleasures of others. We would inspire her with courage to do, and to dare in every good cause, and to demand, in tones not to be mistaken, that the rights which have been wrongfully wrested from her shall be restored. We have no fears that an educated, virtuous, true woman, will ever bring discredit upon her sex, even though she "comes down from her exalted shelf, to mingle with rude stone jugs, mugs, and platters of humanized crockery," or should even don the "pantaloons" and "long tailed blue."

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C. H. DE WOLFE, we should like to say something very handsome to you in return for the fifty subscribers which you sent us a week since from away down in Maine; but we know not how to talk pretty things to a bachelor, and especially to one who approves of all we do.—Had you sent us a letter of complaint or condemnation we could have paid you back in your own coin; but yours was so good natured, so flattering, that we can not find words to express our appreciation of your disinterested kindness. We *will* remember "the Scripture injunction to cast our bread upon the waters," and we thank you for your kind admonition. Accept our thanks for the interest you have taken in us, and our Lily, and may the bread *you* have so freely cast upon the waters, return to you an hundred fold.

## SHORT DRESSES.

We cannot take up a paper of late but something meets our eye in regard to ladies' dress. Most of our editorial brethren heartily approve and earnestly recommend the short dress; thereby showing their good sense. But there is now and then one who condemns the new style in unmeasured terms, and accuses those who adopt it of all manner of bad things. We have even heard of one instance where a preacher of the Gospel devoted a Sunday's discourse to telling the ladies how they must, and how they must not, fashion their dress. Now we take it upon us to tell this class, one and all, that they are meddling with what is none of their business. The minister aforesaid, must be hard run for something to preach about, when he goes to dictating to the ladies about the length of their petticoats. We hope his preaching in this case may be like the seed which took no root, and that the ladies of his congregation will not be awed by his frowns! Gentlemen never consult the women about the style of their dress, and they would think very strange if the ladies should go about publicly speaking against, and ridiculing them for having lengthened or shortened the skirt of their coat, or lessened or widened the dimensions of their pants; yet they seem to think it their especial business to prescribe for us in this matter, and to expect us to abide by their decision. We hope those ladies who have adopted the short dress have sufficient independence of mind and strength of character, to withstand the preaching of all such meddlers.

We are sorry to learn that some ladies have overdone the matter, and got up a sort of fantastic dress, with cap and feather for the head. The straw hat is very pretty, and very comfortable, as it completely shields the eyes from the sun's rays; but the cap is neither pretty or useful. The skirt of the dress and the trowsers should be *full*. Let the material of the dress be as rich as you please, ladies, but do study simplicity in making it.

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HYDROPATHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA; by R. T. TRALL, M. D.; Fowlers & Wells: New York, 1851.

We have received from the publishers the first number of this highly useful work. It contains a condensed history of medicine, a history of bathing, and outlines of anatomy, illustrated. The work will be issued in eight numbers of one hundred or more pages each. Price for the entire work two dollars; or twenty-five cents a number.

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### Glen-Haven Water-Cure Festival.

The Editors of Central and Western New York, with each a lady, are invited to partake with a company of friends of a DINNER prepared on Hydropathic principles, at Glen-Haven, on

*Thursday, June* 12, 1851.

The steamboat will leave Skaneateles at 11 A.M. and return in the afternoon in time for the cars.—Fare, half price. Editors please copy.

J. C. JACKSON, M D.
Glen-Haven, June 2. THEODOSIA GILBERT.

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FOURTH OF JULY.—We learn that it is in contemplation by the "REFORMED BROTHERHOOD" and "SONS OF TEMPERANCE" to commemorate the approaching anniversary by a public address and other exercises.

the anniversary of the American Temperance Union, held recently in New York, Dr. [illegible] who is a "progressive Episcopalean," said: "Of the six hundred members of the congregation which I have the honor to address from my pulpit, I do not know a single person who drinks liquor, or offers it to others, and I have never seen in any of their dwellings any of the paraphernalia of drinking." There are, we think, but few clergymen who can make such a statement as this. We are not surprised, surprising as it may seem, that Dr. Tyng's congregation are all teetotalers; he sets them a noble example both by preaching and practice, and a congregation will generally be found to abound in zeal and good works, according as these qualities are displayed in the shepherd and teacher of the flock. Were there more such teachers among the clergy than there are, the foul sin of intemperance would soon be blotted out—of the churches, at least.

☞ On the 8th of last month, a citizen of the town of Niles, Cayuga County, was found dead with a jug of whiskey by his side. The verdict of the Jury was that "he came to his death by drinking from a jug of whiskey obtained of JOHN H. CARPENTER, together with what he had previously drank." JOHN H. CARPENTER is then the murderer in this case, and by his own confession! He says he gave deceased two quarts of whiskey towards evening of the day on which he was last seen alive. We are not informed what sentence has been passed upon the criminal; but as the laws of this State require life for life, we suppose he will be *hung* for his great crime of sending a fellow being thus suddenly, and unprepared into eternity. We are against capital punishment in any case, but if it is ever administered, we know of no criminals more deserving of it than the venders of intoxicating poison.

☞ We have no cause of complaint against the people of your village, Mr. Geneva Courier. We were treated with perfect respect while passing through your streets, and were not "assailed" with any "low remarks" at the dépot. It was not till we were on board the cars that we heard rude remarks; then, as the ladies who accompanied us to the station left for home, there were some rude remarks and shouting among a rough looking set of men who stood near the car window, where we were sitting. We were sorry for this, as we knew some of the ladies were very sensitive on the subject, and we took occasion to tell them not to be frightened by the *rowdies*. The remarks were hushed, and we presume the ladies reached home without further molestation. We understand that a rumor has reached our village that we were harshly treated in Geneva. In justice both to the people of Geneva and ourself, we say this story is without foundation in truth.

☞ We are extremely happy to learn that one of the vilest rum-holes in our village, has changed hands and been transformed into a respectable temperance grocery. We allude to the place kept by Hill, which is now stocked with a good supply of sober necessaries, and made a fit place for sober people to visit in making purchases. We bespeak for Messrs. Skidmore and Taylor a full share of public patronage.

☞ Our notice of last month that we would furnish The Lily from the first of April for 25 cents, has created such an unlooked-for demand for it that the numbers for April and May are entirely exhausted. We this month print an extra number of copies, and will supply subscribers from this time to the close of the year (seven months,) for twenty-five cents, and if desired, the numbers for February and March in addition. We *re*-publish a description of the "new costume," for the benefit of our new subscribers who expected the May No.:

——— Our skirts have been robbed of about a foot of their former length, and a pair of loose trousers of the same material as the dress, substituted. These latter extend from the waist to the ankle, and may be gathered into a band and buttoned tight round the ankle, or, what we think decidedly prettier, gathered three or four times, half an inch apart, and drawn up to just sufficient width to permit the foot to pass through; they should be long enough to allow them to fall over the top of the gaiter and rest on the instep, and may be trimmed or not, to suit the taste of the wearer.

We make our *dress* the same as usual, except that we wear no bodice, or but a very slight one; the waist is loose and easy, and without whalebones, unless it be a very limber one in front and under each arm. It is better to dispense with them altogether. Our skirt is *full*, and falls a little below the knee. Some make the dress with a sack front, entire from the shoulder to the knee, a tight back, and skirt gathered in as usual to across the hips. The front confined by a belt, or cord and tassels. Others make them with a yoke at the neck, a full waist without a bodice, a belt set in, and full skirt. Each one must be guided by her own taste and judgment in the matter. Shawls must be abandoned, and a sack or mantilla take their place. A nice fitting boot or gaiter and a round hat, make the whole unique.

## AN OFFER.

There are so many applications made to us for patterns and a description of the new style of dress, that we are induced to give notice, that to any one sending us one dollar for four subscribers, for the remainder of the year, we will, if requested, send patterns and full directions for making the dress.

☞ Some good friend has sent us a pamphlet containing a colloquy, representing the closing session of a Woman's Rights Convention, which constituted a part of the exercises of the examination of the Palmyra Union School, at the close of the term ending March 22, 1851. We were deeply interested and highly amused by reading the proceedings of this miniature Convention. Letters were read, speeches made, and resolutions adopted, taking high ground in favor of woman's emancipation from the life of ignorance and bondage she has hitherto led, and contending for her right to participate equally with man in every branch of education, to share with him the elective franchise, to enter the professions, and to engage in whatever occupation or employment she may choose.

The young ladies who took part in this Convention acquitted themselves in a manner which reflects great credit upon them and the school.

☞ Our paper has been delayed a week in consequence of the press of election printing in the office.

☞ We have received from GLEASON, of Boston, a copy of "THE JENNY LIND," *printed in gold*. It contains a history of the Swedish songster, together with many anecdotes and sketches of her and Barnum, and a number of her songs. It is a beautiful sheet.

THE CARPET BAG, published at Boston, has a very good engraved representation of the new style of dress as worn by a lady of that city. We have some idea of getting up an engraving of *our* dress, for the next No. of The Lily, that people abroad may see what an outlandish looking creature we are. There has been such an ado made about us, we should like to gratify the curiosity of the public at large, and may appear before our readers in full uniform at the next issue.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW HOPE, Penn., May 20, 1851.

MRS. BLOOMER,—Dear madam. Will you have the kindness, either through your paper or by letter to inform me *how* to make the new, (and I am sure delightful) Turkish dress? The folly of the long skirts, and the more wicked folly of the long bodice, we cannot be in too much haste to dispense with entirely. I am anxious to see the new form prevail among sensible people, as I feel certain it will. Let such as see beauty and harmony in distorted spines, compressed lungs, enlarged livers, and displacement of the whole abdominal viscera, together with their sure results, sallow complexion, dull, soulless eyes, trembling limbs, a weary soul in a weary frame—let such seek shelter in their miserable dress-prisons, from the coarse ridicule of *gentlemen* who prefer that woman should be imbecile in body and mind, and from the silly laugh and jeer of women, who deserve not the name. Let *us*, who fear them not, in our new dress go forth unfettered, and with hearts free to respond in healthful, happy throbbings, to the glad hymn of Nature going up at this bright season from all our green hills, and woods, where summer shades are gathering. What companion is a laced and whaleboned lady for the free birds that carol from the swaying tree tops this May morn? for the blue open sky and glancing sunshine? for yonder joyous stream, making merry music as it leaps in a thousand tiny water falls over rocks and stones, and the dam which the happy children have built in their play! How it laughs in merriest contempt at yon poor lady, who, with drabbled skirts, and dainty shoes and stockings splashed and spattered, strives so ungracefully to free herself and her *graceful garments* from the playful touch and embrace of the mischief-loving little waves! Ah! my lady, you will have to go home and *change your dress*.—You must not venture out into God's free, glorious universe now! The sun has loosed the fetters of every brook and waterfall, the winds wander at will thro their own airy paths over forest and mountain, and nature in her munificient mood has unsealed the fountain of every divinest melody! You, bound and fettered by your own free will, are *out of your sphere* when you enter *her* domain! Go to your luxurious sofas, your soft carpets, your bed of down, but come not here,——it is no place for you, till you have learned to be free! You must live nearer to Nature's great heart, or your visits, like this, will end in failure and chagrin; or at best will be but formal and soulless interviews; you will have no real heart communion!

But I am forgetting myself, and the object of my letter, I wish to know how to make the Turkish dress. Will you write me soon? The season advances, skies grow bluer, forests more luxuriant in greenness and fragrance each advancing day; and who can enjoy these as God designed, with our present cumbersome dress? Yours for the enfranchisement of woman.

# YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

## THE BLIND BOY AT PLAY.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The blind boy's been at play, mother,
And merry games we had,
We led him on our way, mother,
And every step was glad;
But when we found a starry flower,
And praised its varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his cheek,
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
As golden sun-rays played!
But when we shouted at the scene,
And hailed the clear, blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank,
And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
Whene'er we found the spots,
Where periwinkles slept mother,
O'er wild forget-me-nots.
"Ah me!" said he, while tears ran down,
As fast as summer showers,
"It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers."

Oh, that poor sightless boy, mother,
Has taught me I am blest,
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best;
And when I see the stream,
And daisies red and white,
I'll kneel upon the mellow sod,
And thank my God for sight.

## TOMMY AND HIS PAPA.

BY E. H. KENNEDY, M. D.

"I don't think, papa, that I understand the meaning of this word."

"What is it, Tommy?"

"I've often met with it, and it's one of those kind of words that a body has a sort of half an idea of what it means; but yet I can't say what it is, though I know it means something good."

"But you haven't told me the word my son."

"Well, sir, the word is *magnanimity*."

"A very good word it is, and you are right in saying that it means something noble and excellent. Can't you analyze it?—let us try."

"*Magnus* is the Latin for great: this much I know; but what the root of the word comes from, I'm sure I can't tell."

"Suppose, Tommy, it were *animus?*"

"O, sure enough, papa, that's it—now don't tell me any more, and I'll find it all out for myself. I'll write it down—*magnus* means great, and *animus* is the Latin for mind, and *ty* at the end is the suffix of a noun: greatness of mind is the meaning of the word—isn't it, papa?"

"Yes—you have derived the word properly, and have given it its true meaning; but I wish I could impress upon your mind, my son, its weight and importance, as well as its mere meaning. *Magnanimity* is one of the very noblest traits of character a man can possess."

"Can't you give me, papa, something more particular, so as to make me know it? I can't still get hold of the idea of what it does mean."

"Suppose you should have a falling out with some one of your schoolmates, and a coolness should arise between you for some time after; and that your school-fellow, being influenced by an evil and malicious heart, should seek to injure you, what would you do?"

"I can't exactly say so well for myself, papa; but I know very well what Jim Herrin, and Joe Briggs, and Sam Green would do."

"They would fight, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, They would; for I heard them say so, again and again, and that nobody should impose upon them without giving back just as good as they got."

"Tommy, take that Testament lying upon the desk there, and turn to the fifth chapter of Matthew, and read from the forty-fourth verse.

(*Tommy reads:*) "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute yon; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

"That will do: What does this teach you?"

"It teaches us to forgive one another."

"So it does, Tommy; and do you think that Jim Herrin and Sam Green, that you were talking of, as so ready to 'smite with the fist of wickedness,' were under the influence of the spirit of the Gospel?"

"I should think not, sir."

"Well, then, tell me what would you do, in such circumstances as I have described—supposing some one of the boys had done you an injury, and seemed to dislike you, and took a pleasure in abusing you behind your back, saying hard things about you?"

"That's a difficult question, papa,"

"Why so, my son?"

"Why, sir, I had just such a trouble as you speak of last session, with Dick Simpson, and it did pester me mightily. And the more I tried to forget it, the worse it grew. I knew it was my duty to try and forgive him, but he seemed bent on a fight any how. He tried to set all the boys against me, and told downright stories about me?"

"What did you do about it?"

"Why, I kept out of his way as much as I could, out of school, and took good care never to speak a word about him to any of the boys. But I was determined all the time, that if I couldn't get rid of the scrape in any other way, that I would have to fight him. We were of about the same size, and it would have been a tight match between us. I wasn't one bit afraid of him; and to tell the truth, I wanted to fight only I didn't want to hurt your feelings, by coming home with my face all scratched up. So I let the thing go along for two or three weeks, and didn't show any particular disposition toward making it up. Indeed, I couln't do that, for he was trying his best all the time to make me hate him."

"Well, how did it turn out?"

"O, it all came out right ofter a while, for I can't stay mad at any body very long. One Sunday morning Mr. Bonner came into Sunday school, and he read out of the very chapter you told me of just now; and when he read this forty-fourth verse, he stopped and told us a good deal about the nature of forgiveness, aad how that while our hearts are hard, and our dispositions are bad, it is almost impossible to forgive one another; yet if we will try very hard to have a tender heart toward others, and then will ask God to assist us in making our own hearts tender and in softening the hearts of our enemies, that it will be done without any doubt."

"Well, Tommy, this seemed to fit your case exactly. I hope you followed Mr. Bonner's good advice,"

"Well, sir, I was going to tell you. Mr. Bonner said, that he had known it in himself again and again; and that he had never prayed to God sincerely for a forgiving heart. and for a softened heart' without having his heart softened. This seemed to suit me exactly, papa, and I believed what he said; and I set to work with all my might, to see how it might answer in my difficulty with Dick Simpson; and I read all the verses I could find in the Testament about loving our enemies, and being kind to one another; and as soon as I felt that I wanted to forgive him, I found I had different feelings right away."

"Why, Tom, this is quite a romance you have had. I was not aware you young[illegible] many little feuds among yourselves."

"Please let me go on and finish my [illegible] I wanted to tell you about it for a long [illegible] I didn't know how to begin. Well, as I [illegible] ing, the next day after this happened—[illegible] my trying to forgive Dick—we were hard at it [illegible] getting our *Liber Primus* lesson. Dick is in my class, and he got into a mighty tough sentence, which in time of recess he was going about among all the boys to get construed for him. None of them could help him. 'Maybe I can do it, Dick,' says I. It was the first word I had spoke to him for a month or more. He didn't expect such a thing, and seemed a great deal surprised; but I looked him in the eyes for a while, and presently, sure enough, he began to smile, and said, 'I wish you would, Tom, for I am mightily pestered about this lesson.' So we sat down together, and I read the lesson over for him; and by the time I had got through, all my hate was turned into pure good-will. We both felt that we were good friends again, and we've been on the best terms ever since."

"Well, Tommy, that's a very pretty story; and what's more, it is an excellent commentary upon the very word about which you have sought information this morning—I mean *magnanimity*. You wished to have a more perfect idea of what is meant by it, and now you have got it in such an attractive shape, that you will never forget it."

"How is that, papa?"

"I mean my son, that you yourself have been practising this virtue without knowing it. Boys generally think that it is noble in them to return acts and feelings of unkindness in the same coin. Their pride, they think, is enlisted to be stiff and stubborn—to be unyielding and unforgiving. But such is not the true spirit of a noble heart. Such is not the spirit of the Gospel. Such is not the spirit of *magnanimity*."

"Then our talk about *magnanimity* may be made of some use. I often think it so strange, papa, that there is hardly any thing but may be turned to some good account."

"Yes my son, if we are disposed to see the truth in all things, and if we have a simplicity of heart, so as to learn what we do see."

[Woodworth's Youths' Cabinet.

## SHORT DRESSES—KENOSHA AHEAD AS YET!

There is no reform which is correct in theory, which cannot find some independent spirit in Kenosha, to reduce to practice. On Wednesday afternoon the wives of two of our most respectable citizens appeared in short dresses and pants. The fashion on the whole is appropriate, and has some show of common sense to back it. If anything, the frocks are a little too long, and the pants a little too full. We admire the independence of the ladies who dare do as they please—what business is it to the carping and carking crowd, if the ladies of this city are tired of using their dresses to sweep the crossings and sidewalks? The ladies of Milwaukee, Racine, and *Eagleville*, can now get *their* dresses made and come here and wear them, till they get used to them, and our ladies will return with you, and assist in breaking up the mock modesty of your hen-hussied villages. The fact is, "its a go," and it will not be long, before the novelty ceases to attract attention. An article upon this subject appears on the outside of our paper this week, from the pen of one of the most gifted women of New York, touching upon some points we have not time at present to discuss.

[Kinosha (Wis.) Telegraph.

The new costume—the short skirts and Turkish trowsers have come to town. If all stories are true, there was an "appearance" in the full style in this place, not two days since, and numerous suits of the new costume have actually been ordered at our most fashionable dress makers shops, and will be out in a few days. Those who intend to follow the fashion, must go and do likewise.

[Albany Argus.